

## THE BOURBON NEWS

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## FROM "PHYLIS ISLE."

Late in sunshine is the gleaming  
Yellow beauty of the sand,  
Every new tide sends it streaming  
Up the edges of my land,  
And I welcome it, as, hounded  
Through the thickets of the sea,  
It comes, delicately rounded,  
Climbing up the banks to me.

I remember where the thunder  
Of the surges rolls afar—  
Where you see you circling wonder  
Of white sea-gulls on the bar,  
Rose the fairest of fair islands,  
With its fretted miles of coast,  
Whispering coves, and breezy highlands,  
Chanting what my soul loved most.

Down the white keys musically  
Ran the fingers of the tide,  
And the woodland's inmost alley  
Caught the echoes and replied,  
All the island—far and lonely,  
Until Phyllis made it smile—  
Chanting Phyllis, and her only:  
Hence I called it Phyllis Isle.

Named it Phyllis, and the amber-  
Shining waters, evermore,  
As they ran in sport to clamber  
Up the pebbles on the shore,  
And the wild sea-gulls, careening  
On the forelands, saw it go,  
And the hemlocks, long and leaning,  
Sighed it to the waves below.

But the Death-king rode dividing  
His black squadrons for assault,  
And the clangor of his riding  
Reached the high and heavenly vault,  
And the awful thunder rumbled  
Through the blackness of the shore,  
Till the promontories crumbled  
And the island was no more.

Nothing of those days remaining  
In the corridors of mind,  
Save the passionate complaining  
Of the wave and of the wind,  
Save a voice remote and yearning  
From the hallows of the sea,  
As the waste of sand returning  
Brings my island home to me.

—James Herbert Morse, in the Atlantic.

## A Daughter of the Sioux

By OEN. CHARLES KING.

## CHAPTER I.

The major commanding looked up from the morning report and surveyed the post adjutant with something of perturbation, if not annoyance, in his grim, gray eyes. For the fourth time that week had Lieutenant Field requested permission to be absent for several hours. The major knew just why the junior wished to go and where. The major knew just why he wished him not to go, but saw fit to make almost any other than the real reason, when, with a certain awkward hesitancy, he began:

"Well, is the post return ready?"

"It will be, sir, in abundant time," was the prompt reply.

"You know they sent it back for correction last month," hazarded the commander.

"And you know, sir, the error was not mine," said the instant rejoinder, so quick, sharp and positive as to carry it at a bound to the verge of disrespect, and the keen, blue eyes of the young soldier gazed, frank and fearless, into the heavily ambushed gray eyes of the veteran in the chair. It made the latter wince and stir uneasily.

"If there's anything I hate, Field, it is to have my papers sent back by some whippersnapper of a clerk, inviting attention to this or that error, and I expect my adjutant to see to it that they don't."

"Your adjutant does see to it, sir. I'm willing to bet a month's pay fewer errors have been found in the papers of Fort Frayne than any post in the Department of the Platte. Gen. Williams told you as much when you were in Omaha."

The major fairly wriggled in his cane-bottomed whirling. What young Field said was true, and the major knew it. He knew, moreover, there wasn't a more painstaking post adjutant from the Missouri to the mountains. He knew their monthly reports—"returns," as the regulations called them—were referred to by a model adjutant general as model papers. He knew that it was due to young Field's care and attention, and he knew he thought all the world of that young gentleman. It was just because he thought so much of him he was beginning to feel that it was high time to put a stop to something that was going on. But, it was a delicate matter; a woman was the matter; and he hadn't the moral courage to go to it the straightforward way. He "whipped sawed" again. Thrumming on the desk with his lean, bony fingers, he began:

"If I let my adjutant out so much, what's to prevent other youngsters asking similar indulgence?"

The answer came like the crack of a whip:

"Nothing, sir; and far better would it be for everybody concerned if they spent more hours in the saddle and fewer at the store."

This was too much for one listener in the room. With something like the sound of a suppressed sneeze, a tall, long-legged captain of cavalry started up from his chair, an outspread newspaper still full-stretched between him and the desk of the commander, and, thus hidden as to his face, sidled slyly off to the nearest window. Young Field had fearlessly, if not almost impudently, hit the nail on the head, and metaphorically rapped the thrum-

ming fingers of his superior officer. Some commanders would have raged and sent the daring youngster right about in arrest. Major Webb knew just what Field referred to—knew that the fascinations of pool, "pitch" and poker held just about half his commissioned force at all "off duty" hours of the day or night hanging about the officers' club room at the post trader's; knew, moreover, that while the adjutant never wasted a moment over cards or billiards, he, the post commander, had many a time taken a hand or a cue and wagered his dollars against those of his devoted associates. They all loved him. There wasn't a "mean streak in his whole system," said every soldier at Fort Frayne. He had a capital record as a volunteer—a colonel and, later, brigade commander in the great war. He had the brevet of brigadier general of volunteers, but repudiated any title beyond that of his actual rank in the regulars. He was that rare avia—a bachelor field officer, and a bird to be brought down if feminine witchery could do it. He was truthful, generous, high-minded, brave—a man who preferred to be of aid with his subordinates rather than above them—to rule through affection and regard rather than the stern standard of command. He was gentle and courteous alike to officers and the rank and file, though he feared no man on the face of the globe. He was awkward, bungling and overwhelmingly, lavishly, kind and thoughtful in his dealings with the womenfolk of the garrison, for he stood in awe of the entire sisterhood. He could ride like a centaur; he couldn't dance worth a cent. He could snuff a candle with his Colt at 20 paces and couldn't hit a croquet ball to save his soul. His deepest gray eyes, under their tangled thatch of brown, gazed straight into the face of every man on the Platte, soldier, cowboy, Indian or halfbreed, but fell abashed if a laundress looked at him. Billy Ray, captain of the sorrel troop and the best light rider in Wyoming, was the only man he ever allowed to straddle a beautiful thoroughbred mare he had bought in Kentucky, but, bad hands or good, there wasn't a riding woman at Frayne who hadn't backed Lorna time and again, because to a woman the major simply couldn't say no.

And though his favorite comrades at the post were captains like Blake and Billy Ray, married men both whose wives he worshipped, the major's rugged heart went out especially to Beverly Field, his boy adjutant, a lad who came to them from West Point only three years before the autumn this story opens, a young fellow full of high health, pluck and principle—a "tip-top" soldier, said everybody from the start, until, as Gregg and other growlers began to declaim, the major completely spoiled him. Here, three years only out of military leadingstrings, he was a young cock of the walk, "too dam independent for a second lieutenant," said the officers' club element of the command, men like Gregg, Wilkins, Crane and a few of their following. "The keenest young trooper in the regiment," said Blake and Ray, who were among its keenest captains, and never a cloud had sailed across the serene sky of their friendship and esteem until this glorious September of 188—when Nanette Flower, a brilliant, beautiful brunette came a visitor to old Fort Frayne.

And it was on her account the major would, could he have seen the way, said no to the adjutant's request to be absent again. On her account and that of one other, for that request meant another long morning in saddle with Miss Flower, another long morning in which "the sweetest girl in the garrison," so said they all, would go about her daily duties with an aching heart. There was no woman at Fort Frayne who did not know that Esther Dade thought all the world of Beverly Field. There was one man who apparently had no inkling of it—Beverly Field himself.

She was the only daughter of a veteran officer, a captain of infantry, who at the age of 50, after having held a high command in the volunteers during the civil war, was still meekly doing duty as a company officer of regulars nearly two decades after. She had been carefully reared by a most loving and thoughtful mother, even in the crude old days of the army, when its fighting force was scattered in small detachments all over the wide frontier, and men, and women, too, lived on soldier-rations, eked out with game, and dwelt in tents or ramshackle, one-story huts, built by the labor of troops. At 12 she had been placed at school in the far east, while her father enjoyed a two years' tour on recruiting service, and there, under the care of a noble woman who taught her girls to be women indeed—not rapid votaries of pleasure and fashion, Esther spent five useful years, coming back to her fond father's soldier life a winsome picture of girlish health and grace, and comeliness—a girl who could ride, walk and run if need be, who could bake and cook, mend and sew, cut, fashion and make her own simple wardrobe; who knew algebra, geometry and trig quite as well as, and history, geography and grammar far better than most of the young West Pointers; a girl who spoke her own tongue with accuracy and was not badly versed in French; a girl who performed fairly well on the piano and guitar, but who sang full-throated, joyous, exulting like the lark—the soulful music that brought delight to her ageing father, half crippled by the wounds of the war days, and to the mother who so devotedly loved and carefully planned for her. Within a month from her graduation at Madame Platt's she had become the darling of Fort Frayne, the pet of

many a household, the treasure of her own. With other young gallants of the garrison, Beverly Field had been prompt to call, prompt to be her escort when dance or drive, ride or picnic was planned in her honor, especially the ride, for Mr. Adjutant Field loved the saddle, the open prairie or the bold, undulating bluffs. But Field was the busiest man at the post. Other youngsters, troop or company subalterns, had far more time at their disposal, and begged for rides and dances, strolls and sports which the post adjutant was generally far too busy to claim. It was Esther who brought lawn tennis to Frayne and found eager pupils of both sexes, but Field had been the first to meet and welcome her; had been for a brief time at the start her most constant cavalier. Then, as others began to feel the charm of her frank, cordial, joyous manner, and learned to read the beauty that beamed in her clear, truthful eyes and winsome, yet not beautiful face, they became assiduous in turn—two of them almost distressingly so—and she could not wound them by refusals. Then came a fortnight in which her father sat as a member of a court-martial at old Fort Laramie, where were the band, headquarters and four troops of the —th, and Captain and Mrs. Freeman who were there stationed, begged that Mrs. Dade and Esther should come and visit them during the session of the court. There would be all manner of army gaieties and a crowd of outside officers, and as luck would have it, Mr. Field was ordered thither as a witness in two important cases. The captain and his good wife went by stage; Esther and Beverly rode every inch of the way in saddle, camping over night with their joyous little party at LaBonte. Then came a lovely week at Laramie, during which Mr. Field had but little to do but devote himself to, and dance with, Esther, and when his final testimony was given and he returned to his station, and not until then, Esther Dade discovered that life had little interest or joy without him; but Field rode back unknowing, and met at Frayne, before Esther Dade's return, a girl who had come almost unheralded, making the journey over the Medicine Bow from Rock Springs on the Union Pacific in the comfortable carriage of old Bill Hay, the post trader, escorted by that redoubtable woman, Mrs. Bill Hay, and within the week of her arrival Nanette Flower was the toast of the bachelor's mess, the talk of every household at Fort Frayne.

Hay, the trader, had prospered in his long years on the frontier, first as trader among the Sioux, later as sutler, and finally, when congress abolished that title, substituting therefor the euphemism, without material elog upon the perquisites, as post trader at Fort Frayne. No one knew how much he was worth, for while apparently a most open-hearted, whole-souled fellow, Hay was reticence itself when his fortunes or his family were matters of question or comment. He had long been married, and Mrs. Hay, when at the post, was a social sphinx—kind-hearted, charitable, lavish to the soldiers' wives and children, and devoted itself to the families of the officers when sickness and trouble came, as come in the old days they often did. It was she who took poor Ned Robinson's young widow and infant all the way to Cheyenne when the Sioux butchered the luckless little hunting party down by Laramie Peak. It was she who nursed Capt. Forrest's wife and daughter through ten weeks of typhoid; and, with her own means, sent them to the seashore, while the husband and father was far up on the Yellowstone, cut off from all communication in the big campaign of '76. It was she who built the little chapel and decked and dressed it for Easter and Christmas, despite the fact that she herself had been baptized in the Roman Catholic faith. It was she who went at once to every woman in the garrison whose husband was ordered out on scout or campaign, proffering aid and comfort, despite the fact long whispered in the garrisons of the Platte country, that in the old, old days she had far more friends among the red men than the white. That could well be, because in those days white men were few and far between. Everyone had heard the story that it was through her the news of the massacre at Fort Phil Kearney was made known to the post commander, for she could speak the dialects of both the Arapahoe and the Sioux, and she had the sign language of the plains veritably at her fingers' ends. There were not lacking those who declared that Indian blood ran in her veins—that her mother was an Okallala squaw and her father a French Canadian fur trader, a story to which her raven black hair and brows, her deep, dark eyes and somewhat swarthy complexion gave no little color. But, long years before, Bill Hay had taken her east, where he had relatives, and where she studied under excellent masters, returning to him summer after summer with more and more of refinement in manner, and so much of style and fashion in dress that her annual advent had come to be looked upon as quite the event of the season, even by women of the social position of Mrs. Ray and Mrs. Blake, the recognized leaders among the young matrons of the —th cavalry, and by gentle Mrs. Dade, to whom every one looked up in respect—almost in reverence. Despite the mystery about her antecedents there was every reason why Mrs. Hay should be held in esteem and affection. Bill Hay himself was a diamond in the rough—square, steady, uncompromising, generous and hospitable; his great pride and glory was his wife; his one great sorrow that their only child had died almost in infancy. His

solecisms in syntax and society were many. He was given at times to profanity, and at others, when madame was away, to draw poker, but officers and men alike proclaimed him a man of mettle and never hesitated to go to him when in financial straits, sure of ungrudging aid. But even had this not been the case, the popularity of his better half would have carried him through, for there was hardly a woman at Frayne to speak of her except in terms of genuine respect. Mrs. Hay was truth-telling, sympathetic, a peace-maker, a resolute opponent of gossip and scandal of every kind, a woman who minded her own business and was only mildly insistent that others should do likewise. She declined all overtures leading to confidences of her past, and demanded recognition only upon the standard of the present, which was unimpeachable.

All the same it came something like a shock to society at Frayne that, when she appeared at the post this beautiful autumn of 188—, nearly three months later than the usual time, she should be accompanied by this brilliant and beautiful girl of whom no one of their number had previously heard, and whom she smilingly, confidently presented as, "My niece, Miss Flower."

## CHAPTER II.

The major sought to block that morning ride in vain. The impetuous will of the younger soldier prevailed, as he might have known it



FROM THE REAR GALLERY OF HIS QUARTERS, MAJOR WEBB WATCHED THE PAIR.

would, and from the rear gallery of his quarters, with his strong field-glass, Maj. Webb watched the pair fording the Platte far up beyond Pyramid Butte. "Going over to that damned Sioux village again," he swore between his set teeth. "That makes the third time she's headed him there this week," and with strange annoyance at heart he turned away to seek comfort in council with his stanch henchman, Capt. Ray, when the orderly came bounding up the steps with a telegraphic dispatch which the major opened, read, turned a shade grayer and whistled low.

"My compliments to Capts. Blake and Ray," said he, to the silent young soldier, standing attention at the door step, "and say I should be glad to see them here at once."

[To Be Continued.]

## Story of a Royal Visit.

Among old records of royal visits to the Emerald Island there is a curious story of that paid in 1790 by the then duke of Clarence, who became afterward William IV., to the neighborhood of Cork. He was at that time a sub-lieutenant in the navy, and the ship on which he served touched at Queenstown, then known as Cove. While there his royal highness stayed for some days with a family named Penrose, the head of which was an esteemed gentleman and Quaker. He did his best to entertain the duke in a manner befitting his rank and station, and among other assiduous the old Quaker always sat up to receive him on his return home from the convivial parties which the neighborhood squires were only too glad to offer him. The duke of Clarence, as was the fashion at that time, had a liking for old port, and was not squeamish at the quantity consumed. As a result he several times returned to his host's house in a state which bordered on elation. It is recorded that his host used the gentlest reproof toward him in these words: "Friend William, thou art late again to-night, and I fear me thou art not too sober. If thou dost not amend I shall have to write to thy father, friend George, at Windsor."

## History of Pope's Topaz.

On the occasion of the pope's pontifical jubilee, says the New York Mail and Express, a committee at Naples presided over by Archbishop Giustino Adami presented his holiness with the largest topaz in the world. It was found in the mines of Geraes, in Brazil, and was originally the property of the Neapolitan Bourbons. When they were driven out of Naples, the stone passed into the hands of the Carriello family, one of whom, Prof. Andrea Carriello, undertook to engrave on it a cameo of "Christ Breathing the Eucharistic Bread."

He offered the topaz to the count of Caserta, the actual head of the Neapolitan Bourbons, but the prince refused to accept it, and asked that it be presented to the pope at the jubilee. The topaz is one of the largest engraved gems in the world and ranks after the great French cameo and the Viennese cameos.

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